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19/01/20

YEYEBDGNHIN

~56?

CROSS WIRES

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BIN LICKER, SPITWASH, MARK'S PARANORMAL
DISNEYLAND, CENTRE NEGATIVE, THOTT, GOON SAX

BCsJQRu? and HK&^J
WART MAN SELF CARE TIP

HAPPY CLAPPING

LAS
Wt

E AN A-GENDER:
QUEL

UNITY!
UNITY!

... IN THE TRASH CAN

BAD ROMANCE: IS IT BAD?

TD. MCR.

GA. BAD RELIGION. NDR

BIN LI G EDITION

2 KINDS OF LOS

HIGH R

BAD RELIGION: IS IT
BAD?

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...Christ

BIN

LICKER



Illustration 1: drawing by Mitchell

This is from a year ago. Yep, I'm negligent for not posting it. I was saving it for a bigger project but nope, has to come out. A few edits.

DECLAN

"I dreamt that I was the bass guitar. Strung up and bowed with electricity trickling from my socket. Screw that, I lie, I wasn't dreaming. I was smoking cannabis every day. Soft and fluffy little nuggets with a soapy smell. Cigarette tobacco I would roll out and roast in little alfoil packets because some Danish man on the internet said to. I cleaned my bong with turpentine once and the experience persisted.

Frustrated, hopeless? Sit inside, dust on everything, wet feet on a dirty concrete floor, the same clothes I'd had since I was sixteen in a pile by the bed, take the dog for a walk, go to work and piss in the sink. I lived with my girlfriend. I felt like a hundred and ten kilo little boy wearing tracksuit shorts and Mitch and I played music once a week, D-wizz, Via, Redstar, Elephant Studios, hopefully not the house because I couldn't play loud there.

Frustration abundant, waking up sore, eat a tab and clean the house when my girlfriend's dad comes over and tells me he wants to kick me out because I lost my job. I asked him if he could put the vacuum cleaner back together for me. I was trying so hard to look like I was in control of EVERYTHING - living the life I wanted to and dictating the decisions of those around me. I was the AUTOMATON though, Satan was pulling my strings and I was tangling them into a cocoon.

Bin Licker is about the play between control, frustration, trying to change (kill) something that just won't cooperate (die). When will something happen, sound good, work for ME. It needs to be done this way. Shan joined and ripped the scab off and we jumped out of the window. Summer didn't show up in time to catch us, but she did pop an oxy in our mouths and then we felt groovy. Just play whatever it doesn't matter anymore, it's not going to satisfy your expectations, but you probably shouldn't cut the bit of wood that looks like Alf out of the fence with an angle grinder.

Don't mistake me in saying that this translated to creative output. Three of the four songs on Dox are products of late band -----, tape circa 2015???"



UPDATE: Declan is still angry that Alf didn't get set free.

MITCHELL



“I love them all and am privileged to have the opportunity to play music with them, and nothing else of the wankery in my previous interview response holds much weight compared to that. Maybe better to cull it entirely and let the others do the talking, I like what they say better.

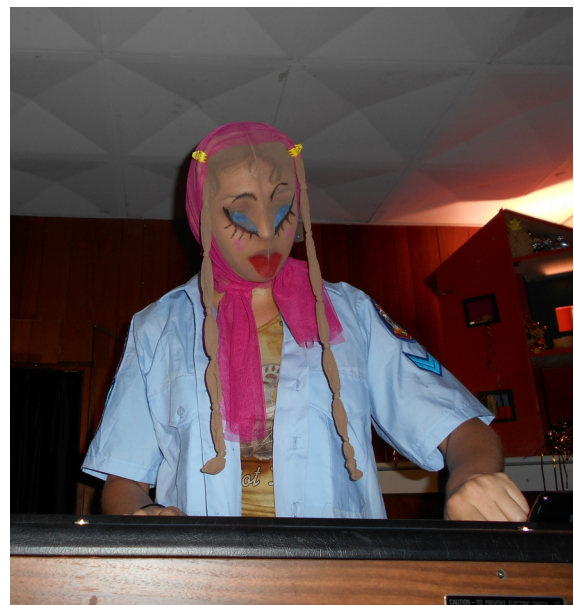
But I would really like to send the new recording to you, just waiting for a mix back from Sam. See how that goes I guess.”

SUMMER

“Art is just as much for the viewer as it is for the creator, narcissism works both ways - not to say that we are, or are not narcissists. Our music is an accidental stumble upon a foreign object placed in the middle of the hallway at night, drunk, missed the toilet. Not necessarily intended for the 50 something year old goths who attend the underground hellfire fetish clubs of Brisbane, but somehow relevant and relatable - bad things happen to everyone, but everything bad always happens to shan. Sadly we have never played at one of the hellfire events, but we know they would really dig us.

Bob

that is the best response I can think of while typing on an iPhone haaa”



SHA(U)N

“Bin Licker exists in a nu-era of paranoia, which dovetails with ever invasive tech. We're already shaped by technology and have been for more than two centuries. The demarcation between person and machine should be disambiguous but we seem to be in state of a denial about this (and a great many other things). What real choices do

we have left? I lick bins therefore I am, not. I'd self-describe my guitar on this tape as, sneaky, irritating probe into the unknown i.e. other's brains. I never wrote any of the songs so my concept of BL has to be more META than the authors, a privilege, both enjoyable and absurd (last two descriptors are thematic of BL). I've loved the relationship we formed as a group and am thankful for being able to contribute to the tape. Having said all this, I've quit, for personal reasons. However, I look forward to seeing what they do, who I'm replaced by, my obsolescence and most importantly a pure experience of cuckholdry. YUM. Sha(u)n (former BL-guitarist)."



You'd see me during Bin Licker's set, one show, high on cough syrup hugging the stuffed replica of Shan (Shane, Shaun?) made by Mitchell and Samantha, reading an economics book. I'd yelled "Whoooo!" at people, having walked half way up the staircase simply because I could, it was absurd. Everything is absurd. At least I could enjoy it now.

I clung to an imaginary man, a book and a beer. Maybe I felt like I was expressing something profound.



Illustration 2: Real Shan in the background, sunglasses drawn on for semi-anonymity

An Artful Approach to The Dismal Science, the book was called. I felt like a part of history. Dismal music themes, dismal science – fitting, eh? Marry the info with the power-music and some computer game magic explosion might happen. The sheer absurdity and concentration power of reading a book to a drum machine in a wildly inappropriate context felt revolutionary, too. Like, this was accomplishing something.

The book, like my own artificial intelligence, ended up being highly convoluted and inapplicable to current circumstance. My own folly of that interesting time collapsed into depression.

Still, the fact that Bin Licker could bring out of me an essential psychotic excitement that had laid dormant in me for years says that I love them. That break was coming. I was already psychotic, rigid, mechanical and repressed in a silent, oppressive judgment of spontaneity, of creativity, of physical power. Bin Licker gave me a bit of my soul back.

I think, that is art. Also I said “*it’s just band stuff*” in the last issue cause, I like to fantasise that one could be like the PM some day, if they wanted, because they’re smart (but not too smart).

NO MAN’S LAND?

I have to prepare the way for all the things I have to tell you. It’s in the middle where I stand, all the shit people fling at each other lands on and around me. All the pride of spiritual/cultural warfare is on the other sides and way beyond in mythical peaceful lands. The only pride here is, I’m in fucking no-man’s land and I’m not dead yet. I just haven’t made any decisions except to fling shit back at ALL of youse or build a fortress out of it, and lure people into it. We’ll beat the swords into ploughshares, render the info war unnecessary.

I’m in the bin, the trashcan of history, you could say. An imprisoned Chinese pastor Wang Li says, “What is the most unifying thing in the world? The trashcan.” I’ve been wading around the internet for a long time. I’ve spent time on a few different IRL fronts too, hinting at what a simpler life could look like. Also fought a few fronts.

It’s not something I can escape, without neglecting the purposes of my soul. The influx of info, of pressures to go this or that way, of warring over my own body is something I have to sharpen my response to. I’m not an NPC (non-player character) even if I want to be. Re-process, reroute, reconnect with inside.

Everything is offensive where mass-empathy and tailored communication for the idiosyncratic needs of different humans is the end-goal. Everything is politicised. For a mass-audience, you situate yourself right in the middle of it all. What will such-and-such think and feel? Blobk, block, reroute, chop up, reword, synthesise. Or you are annihilated. Nihilism. “Father why have you forsaken me.” Sink to the bottom where the fertile mulch forms, grab on to the sides, on the top, salvage bits, chuck them back. I don’t know what I’m tlaking about, fully, really? Guess I’ll just have to look inside myself. I’m shiny, new inside. Or I’m shit? I dunno! Both/everything true HAAAAH fDHG ill shut up now .bfdhvlfsbkjhlstdfkhjbos

SPITWASH, MARK’S PARANORMAL DISNEYLAND, CENTRE NEGATIVE @ PHASE 4 XMAS SHOW 22/12/19



Illustration 3: helloo again

It was a fine Sunday afternoon in Fortitude Valley. I had just had a disagreement with somebody where some things were said quite bluntly. “I’m just ambiguous [edit: or was it ambivalent?], take it or leave it,” I said. “I’ll leave it,” they said. I could live with that. Could the live with that? Screw it, they’ll have to.

That’s the attitude I took for the rest of the day, perhaps finally understanding Simone de Beauvoir’s existentialism. Freedom through ambiguity. “I feel like fruit. Or some kind of fresh food.” I thought, walking alone, already having had carrot juice and a fruit smoothie for breakfast. “More fruit.” Relaxed, kind of weak, but primordially healthy. I got a large can of coconut water and some green apples from the fruit shop inside the Whirther’s building.

Doesn’t sound like much, but this acceptance of ambiguity, and kindness to my body served as a buffer against the repetitious, almost desperate nature that live music attendance can have.

Who or what should think they deserve my passion, my commitment, my undivided attention? Nothing is perfect. The more ambiguity (not to be confused with being wishy-washy, unstable, or cowardly) the more acknowledgement of the vast, vast spectrum of human possibility that might be more deserving of unreserved enthusiasm. Sometimes it's a gift. Sometimes a curse, because life is short. But it's my personality to bear and to make the most of.

I went back inside, said hello to Emily, to Isobel, to Mitchell and others, gave a few zines out, which I was pleased to do. Turned down a beer offer because I felt fine enough already.

Did look up Baudelaire btw. "Be drunk, always be drunk! On wine, poetry or virtue, as you wish." I'm like an innocent teenager again, breaking away and exploring.

I didn't take the bands for granted. Spitwash were excellent. I can't think of a more expressive vocalist, not even Shan of Cold Fish/Sewers or the guy who does Stress Pleaser now. Isobel has this unreserved channelling of drama, in all it's nuance and chaos. She wears a big puffy floral dress and dances shakily, feet facing outwards like a nervy Mickey Mouse. She just about cries on stage. She rubs her tummy looking like she's in genuine pain. She's a real intense performer, exuding sexual and emotional rawness. The rest of the band are attuned to her rhythms and passions, speeding up, slowing down, precise, appropriate.

There is a skill of being in the midst of, or recently experiencing drama and being able to process and re-enact it. "I am fresh with emotion, but I have some kind of control and hindsight, the strength of which is a mystery" The emotions are chopped up and made into just as much of a morsel for the senses, a story, a dish for the audience. "I have a sweet tooth, for you," Isobel sings. There's a vulnerability and generosity there. Girls may cry, men may orbit around like moths to a light, wondering if her "UGH" and eye roll will apply to them. This is the charisma of the stage, of the screen, of the confident youth of yesteryear TV reinvigorated.

Mark's Paranormal Disneyland was what you expect from Mark Spinks, the Brisbane stalwart. He is good but he didn't like the guitar he was playing. I didn't notice, I like his songs. To be honest I had gotten into a conversation with an economics PHD student about using twitter to keep up with the latest research. Before that, I had eaten a green apple, which was somewhat distracting. Sorry Mark. I enjoyed the music but dunno what to say to add to what I said last time. To counter-pose this distracted review, I will suggest you read the glowing fanmail posted about his recent Gravel Sandwich set opening for the Beasts.

Centre Negative was Michael McClelland. First thing I notice is his long, untucked red button up shirt, shorts, black lace-up boots and faded cap that says, "I help kids in need" on the back, with something like a long mohawk sticking out. It is funny, because it looks kind of seedy. And I mean, who was the original person to wear that hat without any irony, any self-doubt? "I help kids in need. Look at me." I dunno.

Michael has a synth on a stool, and then two stools, and then a proper stand. A bit like this zine, he talks through the process of playing and remembering.

...Now I'm trying to remember his lyrics. He's passionate, reflective, intelligent, angry, clever all at once. I mean it ain't high culture at all, it's a negative kind of anti-sentimental self-reflection, emotion just as raw as any but analysed and articulated at the same time. It matches the comic book style he has for art.

"Enabling the lazy"

"You've become another form of advertising
Rewarded for being unsurprising"

"You don't want to look at the people you don't
want to..... FUCK. FUUUUCKK fhvkjh
FUCKDSHK"

These tinny keyboard songs are so densely full of little righteous, confessional tidbits it's hard to sum up.

I think that antagonism is a big part of interesting music.

FANTASY PLANET GOONSAXMAS 22/12/19



Next up, SOOT house show. Had some more zines printed to share. Got there and there was all these decorations and a table of food like some kind of Roman feast. Mashed potato, veges with walnuts and maple syrup or something. Words don't do it all justice. They know how to put on a show! Thanks especially to Tia for cooking.

This was an interesting and somewhat wild show. (wild in an aesthetic, jazz-like sense). The first band was tentatively called Thott. They were jazz-like punk. It was cool. Tom Lipman on guitar, Helena on bass, Tia on drums and vocals.

Lots of bubbles were blown. I exchanged four zines for four bubbles.

For some reason the nicer a show is, I don't want to talk about it. My brain is like mush.

There was a little box on the table with the chocolate log, plums and dates, which had little German Santas on it and German writing and I thought it was some kind of hard candy inside. I don't like hard candy much but I thought it must be a special candy because they put it there. So I

put one in my mouth, frowned and noticed that small text on the back said, 'cone incense'.

I ate a lot of fruit and had one glass of wine. Everybody else actually got drunker off the whole box of wine that I got and had considered chucking on the side of the road on the way.

Goon Sax were very good and beautiful. Some new songs on synth. Lots of dancing.

Michael played a set with a lot of people on different instruments. It was good. There was this one person Kit who took over vocals at the end and they was incredible.



Illustration 4: Luoie, Kit, Michael

A lot of people did karaoke. I had an idea to make a list of the songs. Funniest was ones I forgot existed, like BYOB by SOAD,

The cops came. So whispered quietly and listened to Razar Task Force n FTP – NWA on low volume. How kool we are.!!

WASTED AND LOOKING FOR LOVE AT GUZMAN Y GOMEZ 24/12/19

It was at Harbour Town Shopping Centre on the Gold Coast, Christmas Eve. I'd walked around at my leisure, putting my hand in the fountain with sparkly blue tiles. Surfboard-laden Santa-mobile went past. Slightly snickered at the corny spectacle with some other strangers. "Why not get some food?" I thought. "Don't even think about money."

So I went to Guzman Y Gomez, ordered pulled beef burrito (for my iron supplies) and sat in the little waiting area, feeling relaxed.

This guy said hi to me and he looked fucked up. I tried to ignore him. He said again, "I was just saying hi... Just getting into the Christmas spirit, like trying to talk to people..." Or something.

"...Ok," I said. "What did you order?" He said. I answered gingerly. I looked at his alcoholic slushy cup. *You're wasted at 3:30 at a shopping centre. You're fucked. You don't think I can't see that?* "What're you drinking... One of those?", I said, gesturing at the slushy machine.

"Yeah... I can buy you one, I just want to hang out with someone," he said.

"I'm very sober." I said, very blankly.

"You go to A.A.?" He said. "No," I said, looking over with a slight, otherwise completely blank-faced, blank-eyed smile.

"I've had problems with addiction, mates on heroin and stuff... You probably don't judge, you know what it's like because you've probably been through it yourself... Like thinking, why's he drunk at like 10 am..." "Yeah..." I said.

"You're having a bit of a stressful time this Christmas?" I asked. "Well, I bought a new laptop, so there's that at least," he said, gesturing at a JB-HiFi bag. "Ok", I said. He then told me a story of his brother getting out of jail, his other brother being on the run, and him coming to the GC to get away from it. He said, "I'm just looking for like, a girlfriend, or just someone to talk to, just, a bit of love.."

Said I was going to head off, shook his hand and got his name, said I'm sorry he was having a rough time, and good luck. He looked up at me with watery eyes.

Why do I mention this? It's not really any of your business. And I will never see the guy again.

The burrito wasn't very good, by the way. I went and ate it on a bench near the fruit shop and a couple with a trolley behind me was talking about methamphetamines.

I was glad I had full agency over what I was doing.

WHERE THE HELL WAS I BEFORE?

Before I perturbed my spirit (nothing to do with that last story, something else).

EDIT: This is what I'm like when I don't take enough speed to for my thoughts into something focused. I'm a meandering artist and philosopher by nature. I hope that people love me the same :(The upside is that for all this free-flowing scattered stuff, I am simple and loyal (or have the makings for it). I don't feel like a fully included member of society, in this complex society with complex social dynamics and technology. I'm a silly fairy, unemployed. I'm not that silly/dumb, actually. I'm just interested in the soul and what is right in front of me, detail-oriented, to the point where the structure falls apart.

I'm actually kind of distressed that long-winded underconfident things is all I seem to come up with without being wired. But I have to be kind to myself. What might I say to a friend? I'd say, it's not too bad. You can do lots of things, like, ride a skateboard? Cook spaghetti? Can you work with your hands? But, there are lots of people doing things like that already, and machines, and a lot of stuff in the world. Well, I dunno. You're alright tho. Do what makes you happy? You're a good enough person – should be all that matters,

Just wish there was somewhere to do something and feel valued is all, without some need to stand out, to perceive so many complications. Like, a freer place where I wouldn't feel like a half-hearted hobbyist doing things, or a forced worker. Where you just do stuff and slot in somewhere without it being too complicated. Not having to talk heaps. I like talking, but this isn't a conversation, it's jarring, it's effortful. Alright I'll shut up. later on some non-effortful writing

SELF CARE...?

...When you have NOTHING, here is a self-care tip. Buy a bag of green stuff, and shove bits of it into your face in front of the fridge. Then you are prepared, for if something interesting happens in the world to be healthy for.



Illustration 5: At least I can look after myself

WHERE THE HELL WAS I BEFORE? Cont.

Fff----- what have I gotten myself into? What have I gotten myself into? This is the f-ing starting question. For like, anything in life.

B-b-but --- no but's, no navel gazing. I've been used, projected onto, locked into emotional

blackmail contracts at the expense of my greater being. All have.

The first step is admitting the truth to myself. I am angry. I don't know what to write. To disentangle.

I'll make a little bit of an effort. Just a little bit. Even though it makes me uncomfortable, because I am delicate. I am sensitive. Very sensitive. I embrace it. Very easy, it is, to run away from it and run the mouth. I have a little flickering flame of a compass inside of me that doesn't always direct me in a way that is clear to my connection to reality. My little aches and pains are so nuanced, needle-pointed, shaded and so on. If they all found expression, I would be a master artist of society.

Mere honesty here, about my day, about my thought-processes, my back-up reasoning, and chains of association don't do this feeling I have justice.

Justice, is a good word. I want for people to do me justice. I have feelings. I am delicate. Not more delicate than anyone else, but enough to want for others to – no, I'm much too delicate and sensitive to ask anything specific of others at this point in time.

I don't even want to write in large, continuous paragraphs.

I don't like to start too many with 'I' either.

What I really want is a secret and not something I can articulate without ruining the surprise of it.

There is a big surprise waiting for all of those who – oh, I can't tell you what to do because that would ruin it too!

So, what do you want us to do? What is this nonsense, why do you sit there with a silly, creepy smile on your face like an in-valid ... credit card just paid for your....

Hey, what's this embarrassing wishy-washy nonsense? Are you fifteen? Sah random?

Well, in the process of growing a new brain, I've found out some things.

You can trust me, because I'm an idiot.

What about the anger? Did I forget? The sensitivity? Shouldn't we be scared, or wary of that? We shouldn't assume somebody like you is harmless, should we? Or perhaps you're too high-maintenance, you'll ask too much of us?

Perhaps I am being over-sensitive here, in anticipation of your own sensitivity. Should that make me afraid?

I've clearly lost the plot just a little bit.

I have allowed something that was a small problem make my brains mushy. Subtle entanglement.

What I am talking about doesn't matter. It could be anything that a person does in a day interacting with other humans.

Before, I felt upright, but now I am a semi-cripple. I got myself in a tangle. With no distractions, with no intoxicants, these little slights challenge my tight sense of integrity and joy of basic living (the keyboard is a very sensitive instrument).

I am not a prude. I am not lazy. I am not over-sensitive (I think writing is a place where someone can't be labelled over-sensitive. Unless they are a whining, navel-gazing, distractable waste of paper).

This could, or could not, have something to do with you. You can decide the relevance it has to your life. Are you sensitive? Do you pay attention to your sensitivity or does it get squashed?

Sensitivity is combined with ambiguity, often. This is ironic because ambiguity is associated with callousness, unclear emotions and indecisiveness. This can all come across as quite insensitive to people who think they know how they feel about things, and desire something from you (a smile, return of banter, a job done, intimacy).

In reality, there is a desire to connect and to act. Perhaps even envy. But subconsciously, there is some kind of search for greater meaning. The model for reality running inside of us does not so easily recruit the emotions required for a specific task. There is imperfection, there is sin.

Perhaps I can only earnestly concentrate on something that summons all the mental energies bringing together disparate details. *I* don't know what *I* want. What do *you* want? Well, I don't know if I care about what *you* want. I don't know, maybe I sort of want something, something would be okay? I can tolerate it, I'm tough, as well as sensitive. Like I said, it's so easy to run my mouth and deviate from my highest, most sensitive purposes. It's just that I'm aware of how delicate I am, how much I don't like to waste time, how much others can hurt me, how much some odd years can go down the drain that I don't want to put on any act anymore. By the way, we're two people, why does what we want matter so much, and isn't it some hubris to presume that we even know what we want?

I know I want to watch the same youtube videos over and over again, because there's comfort to be found in repetition. The expiry date is looming for Split Enz – I Got You but I'll give it another spin. I uh... I could give you another spin, but you're a human. Dynamic. Mysterious. Feeling-having. It's so easy to lose the plot. I don't want to do the same thing over and over again.

So, what do I want? Do I even want to hear these same songs over and over?

I just want to understand. To delight in the truth and seek wisdom. This is the only thing, really. I mean the main thing, but it has to be tied up in action.

Ahh maybe I should just speak to a psych about it. Someone to tell secrets to. This is all partly, just me running my mouth because I wanted to write, lately, but I felt a bit troubled by something. A minor sin. I know how to deal with sin. Don't do it again, make peace, count your losses, move on.

Anyhow, I'll finish the rambling anyhow. I mean I'm interested in learning, truth, renewing my mind, and things like that, but not in too much of a bookish way. I don't want to just become bloated with knowledge and sedentary absorption, culture vulture behaviour.

What's the point of it all if I'm not talking about myself, and yourself? How you all are right now, and where we could pivot to?

I do have a secret plan. A secret treasure. You can guess it, you can imagine it, but it'll never do it justice unless you really find it. You'll get glimpses and clues about it in songs, even the most degraded and cynical, if you can build up the mental fortitude to be aware of them and not merely shunted about by them emotionally.

There are clues everywhere. Let me open up my memory box, bring things up, talk about them, show and tell from bygone eras from the safety of a nice, cosy bedroom. I'm no longer a child, so we can gawk, we can look at things with new eyes, with a sense of narrative and future purpose. The world is changing with us being active participants, neither passive, guilty consumers or over-burdened stewards of cultural curricula. Let's dive into this cultural mess that they call, "overload and isolation" (Guardian) and affirm that there is a collective meta-narrative to be found and sensitively understood, from the vantage point of our own individual brokenness and redemption. That meta-narrative is ultimately – ahh, actually, I don't want to be too blatant. It'll ruin my plan!

You already have somewhat of an understanding of my plan, most likely, unless you are very blinded and limited in your model of the social world. You may suffer under this plan, but I'm no sadist. As I am a harmless petal, your suffering will be your own fault. I do have more faith in my audience than to think that The Plan will cause them any unbearable pain, though.

This pain will find a lot of company in these songs that are painful for ME to bring up. But it is time. I had this idea in my mind, that I was going to bring up these long buried songs, and now it's happening. I didn't really think for this to happen, today, or even really ever, but I guess

it was just meant to be, because my ramblings have led to this point.



Illustration 6: Thought-trees

SENSITIVE EMOTIONAL BDSM EMOTIONAL-PORN

Come on, put them to rest! It's almost 2020! There's a reason you stopped listening to this stuff. But, it made sense to your teenage self, and now, with the benefit of hindsight, social awareness and writing skill, maybe you can form a coherent thought about why this matters to the meta-narrative to our lives?

First up, *I Write Sins Not Tragedies* by Panic! At The Disco (2006). "The groomsbride is a whore," somebody whispers. The wedding guests are masked. Brendon Urie is dressed with a top hat, gloves and cane, moving about the audience like a detached, rational, classy intellectual. "It's much better to face these things with a sense of voice and rationality." What is the 'voice' he speaks of, when he says, "Haven't you people ever heard of closing the Goddamn door, no?" Shove it under the rug? But if it were too overtly cynical, it may be less appealing to the teen girl audience like me. The actual character and agenda of the band is uncertain, as it's in equal parts saying, "Be a bit fucking discreet about it, eh?" and showing the death of the romantic ideal of the wedding as something important, and innately magnetic to the teenage soul.

I mean it's not like the basic idea behind it is new, but people suddenly found themselves in a position to care about these kinds of things. Sensitive emos torn between romance and sexually permissive chaos. Chuck a bunch of

chemicals in the mix, a growing awareness of the self as governed by chemicals in the brain.

Ah, you see where I'm going. This is next on the playlist. *My Chemical Romance – Welcome to the Black Parade* (2006). Some young man is dying. He sees a faded TV image of a wonderland with hot air balloons and steeples, but it's monochrome and vague. Dead dreams. Only the image of Gerard Way, mirroring his pain, can cause him to lift up his hand. The black skeleton emo parade marches on. Where the hell are they going? The man in the hospital bed gets up and walks in the wasteland. They are all uniformed, like a nostalgic hark back to 20th century conformism (The Chuck Taylors, the black-dyed hair and interest in Asia, hinting at collectivist inclinations), but incorporating pessimism and individuality, necessarily. There is undeniably still an idealism and hope in the song.



Same with *Baby You're A Haunted House* by Gerard Way (2018?! Not 2005?!). This is a formulaic, sickly-sweet pop-punk song about all the ghosts of dead relationships. "Better find another superstition, gonna stay in love somehow...". The song is lacklustre but catchy enough to be a distraction-comfort like I imagine the relationship he's describing to be. Catchy relationship. Ugh, A little toxic. But still, *it's all in your head*, you know, the past and all that. It's not 'real', not objective. Spiritual.

In the light of the 'teens decade, a zombie-like parade of sad My Chemical Romance fans and the sick man receiving the medal in *the Black*

Parade could be cynically seen as a forebear to the 'oppression olympics'. These people are perhaps now office drones, tired perpetual students and Centrelink clients who have lost any compass pointing towards healthy productivity and individuation and instead, dwell on misery and fragility. The lack of romance and spontaneity is too depressing to think about so they become the technocrats, the psychologists, analysts, intellectual strengths. They write tragedies, not sins. No control.

No Control by Bad Religion (1989). "If you came to conquer, you'll be king for a day, but you too will deteriorate and quickly fade away." And so the emo kingdom of romantic idealism came to fall.

Or how about, *The Gray Race*? This is from 1996 but very prescient. Very sensitive, about matters of the soul. It's a little bit sci-fi, for the era, but it applies. "Turning true emotion into digital expression, one by one we all fall down." It's still a bit emo because it's seemingly coming from dim self-awareness. The only consolation for the complaint is the clarity of it's words and, "I'd swear there were times when I was someone else, a person with determination and knowledge of the self." Turning human into robot is nothing new. ~~Everything becomes black and white, and over-sensitive. Minor bits of information become spasms of, "AHHH aHH DO NOT COMPUTE BAD BAD" freak-out anxiety because the model of reality is over-computerised, not backed by a solid intuition, sense of independence, and ultimately, love. It's black and white, but also ultimately grey and inoffensive, conformist. Oh, another thing, "Turning raw compassion into fields of plus and minus, one by one we all give in." Bureaucratic, narcissistic, tokenistic, superficial minds, we can have, skimming the surface of people, 'managing' our image, 'life-admin', blah-blah whatever. ??fdhgdfh??~~

Anyhow, this is not about computer-technology. This is about love and corruption of the soul. The technology and the habits set in motion by it, from the well-worn roads, to the drugs inside your system and the phone light greeting you every morning, that's your little part in a system that keeps marching on, good with the bad. There's no definite 'space outside' where love is

guaranteed, pure and fairy-tale. Sin is as old as death. Not even the Garden of Eden prevented it.

Technology is exciting, too. Maybe we will find better ways to love, to find knowledge? This is what I'm doing. I'm witnessing all the trash. I'm not a victim or a perpetrator of trashism. Actually, maybe a bit but it can't be helped. I'm not God.

Where else am I going to go? *Bad Romance* by Lady Gaga (2008). I've been wanting to write about how dumb this 'intelligent pop music' actually is for some time now. Why would you want a *bad romance*? Isn't that, like, *bad*? I mean but of course I surrendered to gregarious emotions and corporate trash after the soul-crushing of mainstream emo, of anti-consumerist, political guilt trips, of angry men. The stark white tiled artificiality, the weirdness, the glamour is all refreshing. But it's still *dumb*. The entire history of human degradation is traceable back to *bad romance*. And you want that?

Wow, look at the burned bed at the end with the skeleton and sparks flying out of the bra with the cigarette puffs. Us women, we have given up trying to be 'good', casualties are flying. Um, KT, don't you understand irony? You might ask. Um, yeah, I do. I understand it as a sign that we're full of shit. That there is just too much going on. Also that we're experts at representing and selling society's shit back to ourselves with little clues as to what to do to become a human with sincere integrity again (edit: wait, what about the album with the pink cowboy hat? Is that a clue?).

??I watched the Lady Gaga documentary. It was kind of sad to watch. She has (or, had) a massive guilt complex about people who are dead or who she can't (or won't) do anything to get the same health care she has. The pain and fear from her awful medical condition is compounded by her excessive empathy for the pain of others. It's awful, I can relate. Why make yourself weaker, though? You believe you can somehow beam health into other's bodies by suffering and willing really hard for them to be well?

That *might* be a starting point for something helpful but you've got to build yourself up and

understand that suffering in the context it starts in. Even then, you might risk being a know-it-all helicopter (Volantis flying dress angel?). You want to feel like, one of-the-people, I know. You love them, as a mass of people. Us creative people have to process the masses of information, the surfaces, the blood-and-guts sometimes. But remember, you're being another emo, make it work. You're entitled to your pain. ??

Also, was *Alejandro* (2009) covertly about U.S. rejection of Mexican immigrants? "Don't call my name, Alejandro. Don't call my name, Roberto." "Don't want no secret love", is that a hint about Latin-American illegal immigration? Don't get me started on *Judas* (2011), too. I knew of a strict Christian who listened to this repeatedly, such was the power of Gaga.

Let's delve into some *horrible* permutations of emo. Deathcore. It wasn't quite emo as it was tougher, just as sensitive, just as inward-gazing, but masking a cascade of rottenness in a wall of sound.

Actually, first, I want to talk about what may be a near apex of emo lyrical romanticism, the spiritual conclusion of the sensitivity (tho not the most convincing one). *Silver and Cold* by AFI (*A Fire Inside*) (2003) goes, "You in somber resplendence, I hold... Your sins into me, oh my beautiful one." Well, that would've prevented the Fall. "Hey God, I've got this. Eve didn't make me do anything I didn't want to do. We're not ashamed. Don't worry, love!" I guess the song is silver and cold because silver is precious, coldness preserves purity, but is also cold, it is disciplined. He's standing on the side of a bridge, persisting despite pain. Men are supposed to be self-sacrificial for women, not by cutting or suicide (as they feel women drive them to do) but by holding their sins as Christ did.

There is only so much one sad man can do in the cold structures of this world. Davey Havock stands and thinks. There are fiery explosions at the end, people running, and he's casually walking away putting a jacket on. It's like he knew the frozen artifices around him were bound to blow at some time. He just had to do his bit as the lone romantic. ???



Illustration 7: ooohhh look omg

Now that's a sweet, baby-rocking love song but how about the real angsty guys in the midst of chaos? The real gross suburbia, filthy bedrooms, domestics in the next room, cold church steeple no comfort. *Romance is Dead* by Parkway Drive (2005). Actually, I dunno if I want to write about this one right now. It's not that I can't handle the brutality, it's that there's so much going on there lyrically. "The incisions on your wrist were all for show, just like you," and "You're everything that's wrong with me." "You wouldn't know what love is, if it crushed you in the fucking chest." Yeah, he 'knows' what love is, but he doesn't really 'know', it seems. Just knows that, "Cupid never found his mark." Both partners hollow, self-hating, superficial, self-punishing. "Cry me a fucking river, bitch." (who's he talking about, himself or her?) "Only fools don't move on." *Romance is dead* is such a big, profound statement to make. It's just, "It is dead, everything is fucked. Just, like, move on. Never had any hope this would work anyway" It's beyond emo, it's some full grown, cynical, probably dangerous, repressed man shit.

Alright, I'm moving on. Too late at night for this shit. Nah, bear with me. I'll get *Whore to a Chainsaw* by They Art Is Murder (2008) out of the way. Romantic idealism and self-sacrifice isn't a thing here. Except as a distant shadow. They're like, "What the fuck is my life, what am I doing here in this shithole, nothing makes sense like the American TV, ugh, MUUM, you whore, why did you give birth to me? Why did my girlfriend break up with me? Why aren't we a perfect family?" That's my interpretation, at least. "Stop breeding fucking rats." one lyric.

Something that impressed me is the *social-systemic* awareness, just like *Romance is Dead* describes the reciprocal brokenness of a toxic relationship. People dunno what they are doing with their bodies and all of society becomes a drag, and a mess. These little rat-like men, though, love turned to hate, direct all the anger at the women. It's as if *they* had some kind of righteous ideal of romance from which to judge. They have the strength, the social awareness to write detailed lyrics, the confidence to scream, but this is the best they could come up with. Maybe it's *their* fault that everything's so dark.

They chose to do that stuff, and now it's up to people's families, social services, and commentators like me to try to come up with something better.

Ever occur to them that it takes at least two people to have sex, usually of opposite sex? Yeah, for sure, just not when they're considering morals. Least I can put a positive spin on the mysogyny, though, because they're saying, by making us responsible, that we have power. They think we're strong enough, in control enough, to be able to take the judgement, and change society. And also, putting a convenient "KEEP AWAY" sign on their foreheads in case any naive person wants to have sex with them.

It's almost like when Tupac, Eazy-E or Snoop Dogg or whichever of those rappers it was got quizzed on how they talk about women. They said a 'bitch' is not a women. They didn't care if a 'bitch' dies, they're in n out the revolving door 'doing nasty things to you'. Won't say no to 'bitches' but won't fall for no 'bitch'; they articulate some definition of a 'real woman' still, in their hedonistic excess. At least there's some interest in women as people, some kind of ideal? But still, another "STAY AWAY" sign.

Now I wanna talk about *Lana Del Rey. National Anthem* (2012). Another example of the merging of romantic love with broader social project. Romance is everything for Lana Del Rey. It's a bit too much rich-girl plus popular nostalgia (classy populism, especially with her recent Americana album title). And also she is hands down an emo. It's just another permutation of sadness of perpetual failed romance, decadence

and nostalgia for collectivism. Video Games is gorgeous. “They say the world was built for two. You say you like the bad girls, honey, is that true?” What is true, with her? Grr. More moral and political ambiguity wrapped in collective beauty and charisma. Nothing ambiguous about the message of National Anthem, though. It’s for the aspirational girls and the NY/LA professionals who love money but can feel morally superior in tasteful aesthetics and racial representation. Lana is cool but there’s still something kind of dull about the whole thing.

That’s Not My Name by *The Tings Tings* (2007). What is her damn name? It’s such a peppy song showing such attitude for such a petty topic. This is the beginning of the era where you have control over your identity that you present on the internet and experience that as empowering. This is meeee. Youuuu got it wrong! U stupid. “That’s not my name, that’s not my name.” It’s like a cheer-leading song for the self.

Toy Soliders by *Martika* (1989). This song is creepy. Like, whose toy soldiers? Satan’s? A conspiracy to destabilise society? The toxic patriarchy’s? The video starts off with a circle of innocent girls. They get sucked into the battlefield of love (and/or drugs) and end up with a feeling of emptiness and numbness. “*Only emptiness remains, it replaces all, all the pain.*” I can say for myself that has been true. “*I never meant to mislead you, it never should have been this way.*”

You Don’t Know You’re Beautiful by *One Direction* (2009?). Here’s an insidious one. It’s like, “Keep your head down, girl. More beautiful that way.” Eurghg.

Lester Bangs wrote about human emotion waning, a lot. Way back in like, the 70’s. But anyway, I digress.

A CHURCH (the fool multiplies words?)



“I cried in the bathroom
think I did last time too”
“why did you cry”
“contrast between the joy and togetherness and
my life, mainly
not to be too dramatic though
but it is like a big drama/story in a way”

The church absorbs the frightening (or frightened) stranger with ease, into shallow waters to begin with. The body of Christ is spread out over many micro-tasks; children hand out glow sticks at the door, a man and a woman stand at the door to greet you and shake your hand, volunteer ushers in t-shirts wait at every aisle. There is a poster on an easel with poetically reworded Christ-centred story-of-the-world-suffering-and-redemption, with professional graphic design. A big screen is above the stage, showing images connecting the ‘here’ to ‘there’ and the ‘now’ to ‘then’. It is a social body knitted together with work and funds not from investment or customers or resentful workers. It is the umbrella for the young, the old and the foreigner. Simple worship songs start to be played by men and women, like an inversion of punk rock; the anyone-can-do-it ethos, but calm.

This sea of gentle, enveloping inclusion is in sharp contrast to the jarring encounters with need and suffering a lone individual, especially a woman faces. The guilt, the fearful profiling, the sense of inadequacy, the sense of talentless, uselessness, absurdity and societal exclusion in a competitive job market. The necessity to tell people to fuck off. The necessity for bravery, miracles and feeling of social complexity.

A head pastor is live-streamed from Sydney. The screen-based, mass-distribution of a vague message about hope and the Holy spirit, and the conflation between crowd-attendance and 'putting Jesus at the centre' amplifies my suspicions that the infantilisation of the audience is one downside to all this. You just have to sit there. Can say it's like a lot of people though.

The political forces the mega-church feeds are the Liberal Party n Family First, which seems to make life more difficult for people on the bottom rung of society. Where the drama is happening. Where the very best, and very worst are generally concentrated, culturally and morally. It's all the more easier to shelter yourself from them when there is a big stigma.

I've seen people with no/little Christianity suffer the consequences of being too loose in their younger years, sexually, financially, health-wise and with their relationships. At my wit's end, vulnerable myself, I could give something, I could hug, I could analyse, I could suggest charities, talk about Centrelink, seek mental health professionals. Everything is no, no, no. Not enough. The no's build up in the community, the friendship group, the family, and in the naive helpful new friends/girlfriends/housemates/last family members. Couch surfing. The street looms. Suicidal gestures. Heroin. Years of psychiatric drugs with possibly harrowing withdrawal syndromes. A reverberating blow in the social circle. Another ghost in your head. And what am I, to others?

At the back of my head, there is church. At this point, saying "Go to church" for me is almost saying, "Go to hell." It's hell or church. If I'm on the border between hell and church, if I consider such a dumb thing, it's a safety net for you too. It might teach you some morals and how to get along with people, too. I don't care what weird shit they believe, they are a functioning social group who won't let you suck them dry. You start at the bottom there. You work your way up.

"Go to hospital" is the other option. Discharge social workers, GP's, mental health plans, psychiatrists. A needle in your arse if you're really confused-seeming. That's hell too. "Go to

hell," you might say back at everybody. *"I don't believe in this, fundamentally. How did it become my story? Why does nobody understand how I got here? I am being punished for the sins of the multitude, beyond what is fair for anything I have done to land myself in this situation. They think they are kind for calling me ill and locking me up but they are ill too. I see through it all. Excuse me while I vomit up my SSRI's in this flower-pot. Right in time for dinner. That's as good as my contribution to society can be right now"* But YOU have to work so, so hard.

Why the hell did the higher-ups, whoever the hell, force this shitty economy, political-cultural-economy whatever you call it? It's a fine tactic, agitating/repulsing people on the bottom until they're forced to re-integrate/change out of a mix of social, physical or material desperation. This is a series of personal revolutions staving off a mass-revolution. The church is a mass of people united not by class, gender, or ethnicity (though it is biased towards the interests of some groups, due to a political factor I mentioned earlier, for one example) but, as a flock.

I just wanted someone to take people away from me, to not face how I felt. Please, minister, Centrelink, rich people, psychiatrists, just give us jobs, houses, basic things for basic dignity. I don't want to face this shit. I have too much empathy. In the absence of firm moral principles, the environment itself has to establish boundaries – you get your own house, I get mine. You get your job, gym, meet up with friends, a relationship, stay reasonably happy.

I needed help, where there was none. The church, the school, didn't care about my friend's complex domestic abuse and mental health situations (not to mention gender and sexuality issues). I cared, but I didn't know how to help, because I was a sheltered church kid. The school cared if we had the wrong socks or forgot a textbook. I was on a trajectory to slacker ruination but didn't know I could even talk to anybody about anything. It was 'personal responsibility', toughness. I turned to the margins, not the pillars of the community (?) who were happily getting their lives together without us.

Could blame people's parents, but they were vulnerable too. Burned out from ~~the hippy movement, or from the gen X 90s chaos,~~ war, domestic violence and coercive control, war, work, poverty, major cultural, political and technological changes which they had yet to figure out how to benefit from. Hanging by a thread, exhausted by humble work and much worse problems put behind them. So, all I can do is pivot my finger towards the most successful, the pillars, the smart, fit, mentally healthy, sheltered well-dressed ones.

It must be *you* who must address this systemic problem! There are some things I don't understand, like how you can calmly sit at a desk for hours and complete your allotted homework, how you can just call someone up after graduating high school and be perceived as immediately stolid and trustworthy and get a job or apprenticeship, how you can go back to a permanent home base, how you can find enough satisfaction in your work and life to say, not comprehend depression and anxiety, or maybe even brain fog.

Part of me thinks that if I extended my finger to poke you a bit, you might be just bawled over with shame or sheer weightlessness-of-being, or you wouldn't notice at all, and I'd just foolishly be standing there poking your thick skin as if you'd give a shit. Hi, I have experiences, I have knowledge, I have an intellect too? Why do you keep talking down at me n my friends?

And it's entirely expected that they could pivot around and point in my face, saying, "They're *your* people. I'm just minding my own business over here being a lawyer/doctor/senior pastor/whatever while you were fucking around. *You* be a social worker, activist, volunteer, public servant, journalist or whatever. There are a lot of programs to help, too, if people choose. Get down there..." Or worse, say something about them being persecuted by 'the left' or 'the elites'.

Who the hell are my people, and what am I capable of? I was on the borderline of becoming like them. Tweak a few circumstantial factors and I could've lighted up a path for myself in my mind, like in a game where you're scoping a target. I am essentially no different. Neither are

all the fucked up people you see who make fucked up decisions.

I'm honestly no more or less qualified either way. I'm on a cross-roads. A mediator, I suppose. This doesn't have to be my business either.

I guess, could I choose again, I wouldn't be as compelled to make anything tragic and complicated my business. But now that it has been my business, I can compare your business.

I know enough about how people are to see how inadequate "Go to church" or "read the bible" feels in a hopeless situation. You don't know how bad it is right now. I mean good for you, but you don't get it. "See a psychologist." "Come to a party." "Get a job." You know, just *do the things*.

And you know, life really can be that simple. But it's not, for a lot of people. Because of entrenched inequalities and lazy, one-sided communication strategies. A lot of pride and reluctance to take responsibility for shit decisions, yes, but what about *your* lame pride? *It could've been me. I was just lucky.*

I know, but I can't bend to people's idiosyncratic feelings and needs, their particular education of foundational cultural texts, their misanthrope acquired from years of childhood bullying or parental abuse, their addictions, their fear of institutions, their having had to work five times harder to fit a standardised box designed for the masses, feeling shit where success is at least partly conflated with moral integrity and authority, or like, people who want something I can't give them, in general. I can't even afford to sit here and talk to them in a way that helps them figure out for themselves, like a social worker.

I'm not even completely fine, talking about 'other people' here, still, like I've worked out all my own problems, and people are 'below' me and I owe them something due to my ease of being. I am speaking from my experience of being unwilling or unable to bend to *your* suggestions, you people supposedly 'above' me, who seem to be the gatekeepers of everything I need to pursue.

You all can bend, in a slight way, with guidance and material resources from the cultural and administrative authorities.

And you, the privileged who topple over, bracing yourselves spiritually against the fierceness of the atheists, gays, of the feminists, of PhD students on 10k a year, the born-to-rule, raised-to-lead, what do you need to change? I mean, I'm not much different. It's hard to learn about the cruel world. And I can't forget the privileged *left*, either.

Actually, no, it's not hard to 'learn'. It's hard to learn about the cruel world while being made responsible for changing your fundamental assumptions about yourself. Like, "I am fair", "I am moral", "I am empathetic", "I am powerful", "I owe society/family something", "I am tough", "I would make all the right decisions under pressure", "I say all the right things at the right time." This is *self-righteousness* coming against blows, which is inevitable, in an artificial, worldly hierarchy ('left' or 'right', male or female, young or old).

I bet some of you are jealous because 'the left' have kool music and had sex before marriage, like on TV, and the internet. Media are scary competing authorities, heterodox testimonies and maps of the world. You can't remotely relate to *Loser* by Beck. Except maybe in a Christian outcast way (and you have *Loser* by Switchfoot instead). Nah never mind, it's all trash. I'd feel seedy trying to, like, lure you over to the 'dark side' with depressing bands, fronted by dead people. But you know, music, film and TV can be great ways for perspectives to make their way up to the sheltered, powerful ones. It probably won't kick you into action, though. You might start to feel self-conscious about your limited life experience. You'll thank post-modernism for making it OK to be an a-historical pastiche identity. Something might come give you a kick up the arse to live out your convictions, or you might be lucky and slot into a position (academia, library, protests, teaching etc.)

It's not OK to think that trash/products will change the world, that I can just leave convoluted trash to the next generation like a sicko. I'd choose sanity over trash, over drama, that poor

little girls are subjected to (I tell the one inside me, I am fine without this shit, this 'culture', I don't have to prove anything to nobody).

Your behaviour, self-expression and it's consequences are data for me about the nature of reality, not evidence that your 'truth' is the one that all who deny it should envy, or *must* envy, if they are disgusted or disturbed by it.

How about a positive motivation? Imagine if the powerful institutions were actually fun. Instead of "go to church" being "go to hell", it's like, "go to heaven". You can lean up against a wall all kool and tough like, "Hey I'm sorry mate, I don't know what to say. See you at church later? They're having a big feed." Maybe the people acquainted with chaos will lend some less lily-livered praise and worship (not *self*-worship). Maybe the queers, who are so queer they might queer up Christianity (I swear they already do. I possess burnt-in images of boy's multi-coloured skinny jeans from Hillsong 2006) and Christianity queers up the queer life (but that's a different story). What's church stuff anyway, esp. the traditional, conservative stuff, if it isn't gay? It's so gay, *look* at it.

Also, even the ignorant and most wretched of us could have a part, and no excuses for not, because the burden is light, the work is varied, and doesn't feel like work. The message from the top does not pick the speck of dust out of one scapegoat's eyes, does not react indiscreetly to other's 'look at me' agendas and is clear about what the mark is. Problems are dealt with according to common sense; like, you causing drama? Stop it, now we're gonna focus n this other thing instead. There's a right time n place to make everything known.

We have a ghost of a church inside of us, most of us, I think, who struggle to enforce boundaries against questionable people entering our gatherings, or even our beds. A sense of risking ourselves for acceptance and love. But little preparation when shit goes down. The Mummy n Daddy problems come out.

In this good church, everybody gets to be the loving, powerful parent. Someone's got your back if you're kind to the vulnerable, or if you

tell someone they're wrong, or if you feed the creep. The creeps, the weaponisers of vulnerability just don't have much leverage over a cohesive, free social body because the division of emotional, intellectual and physical labour just creates a big gentle sea of safe cleansing. What's the matter? What's wrong with you? Everything you need's here (anything the world could owe you)..

Not to say that people wouldn't fight you if you tried to kill them, or something, or kick you out if you're being an arsehole.

Anything too difficult can be referred to elders and people like social workers who have earned their position from experience, learning and grace. This can be in collaboration with people who have shown good conduct, learning and um, privilege, enough to keep sight of ideals and strict standards (because, privilege still implies *advantage*, being in touch with something *good*) to maintain sensitivity and good taste; people who need to be protected. These people were born perfect, un-corrupted, and like any worthy institution would let them be perturbed unless absolutely necessary. Like they should have to be made responsible for other people's shit.

They shouldn't be spoiled, either, or left over-reliant on authority of the more drama-experienced or privileged. Everyone's pretty much equal.

Are these people the kinds of people I'm trying to point the finger at? I dunno, I don't like it. But you seem to be repeating things you've heard from forefathers, not apparent experience, and you've got positions of influence. ~~If I pulled your platform away from you – not saying I could, or would – is it just about the moral equivalent of pushing a kid off a soapbox, by another kid? It's just that you have all this infrastructure around you, now, that gives you the license to choose whose sins and problems get shamed by the popular narrative. Here's, the bible, you can choose whatever you like, because you're a good little boy or girl! Ooh, what a delight. Well, I guess, since I am (near)perfect, I will focus on things that may perpetuate the (near)perfect nuclear family. The whole rest of the economic, cultural and social system, and bible discourse,~~

~~just keep that stuff the same, just focus on a few things? Imagine if it was communism and the verses bout the rich were cited.*~~

~~(Make the posterboy Martyn Hes, the director of the Australian Christian Lobby. But I would give him a silly hat so he looks less alpha male).~~

Same goes for you non-Christian (or non-right-wing Christian) people. Writers, artists, academics and so on. You're a very *smart* little boy or girl. Look, there's all this internet, grants, social events and things for you to join. What would YOU like to talk about? Well, I guess, the Christians who were 'better' than me and left me to flesh out the core problems on my own and just piping up every now and then with something judgemental-sounding. And also, I was one of those Christian youths to people who had it even worse. I try to make it up.

I guess I'm just as responsible for all the shit. I don't want to make a victim of myself because I don't fit in, or of anyone.

I don't want to be bored and humiliated, to be one of the alienated masses struggling to articulate the real feeling and perception behind their moderation, their reluctance to belong anywhere fully, and to be perpetually unsheltered under the fragmented support networks, haunted by the ones I knew who fell through the cracks. Who you just couldn't get through to, who were actively repelled by hypocrisy, stigma and weakness of those who should've been able to help.

*I think I've figured out the ideology. You get married, have a bunch of kids, say 'no' to everything extraneous/worldly, and if one gets depression and asks 'why do we exist', you say 'shut up, because God, and because I love you' and then they have more kids and say, 'shut up, because I wuvvv youu' and delight in watching them squirm and cringe and cry at their forced existence like the sadist.. Christofash (LOL) they are- masochist in the case of the women, espec. Catholics – and with all the kids, nobody can damn afford anything so it's basically communism (hand-me-downs n recycling galore too). And the process is repeated because nobody has anything else to do. Until they fine-comb

over the details of their lives to figure out what's wrong. Eventually the bible verses saying it's better not to marry come in fashion again and the church becomes a sanitised mirror of queer emancipation and the human race dies off, mainly . And we all go to heaven. THE END

also the incels - there's a man inside the untouchable wart flesh and how would I show love to him? wart man exists in terrifying undeniable loneliness who is responsible for him? anyhow, never mind i'm figuring things out

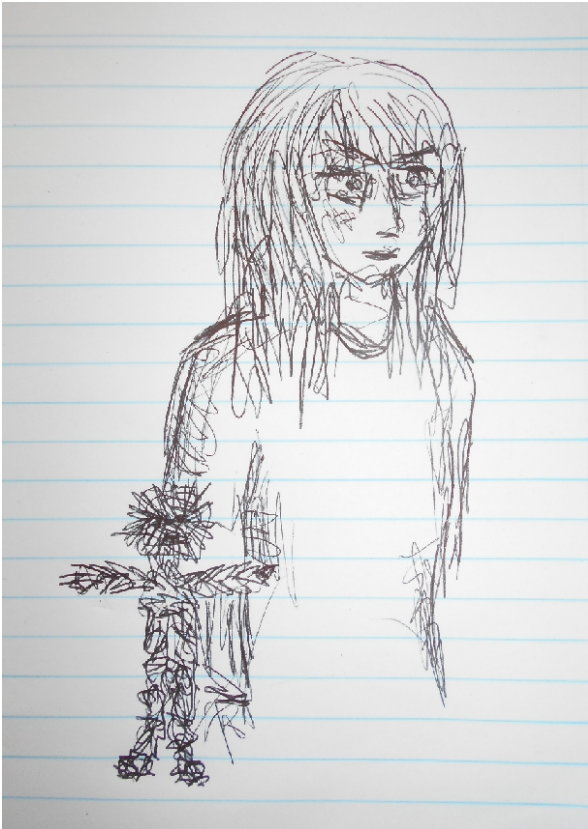


Illustration 8: deranged girl with WART MAN

WART MAN

I had a mental image of a man covered in flake-like warts that were all dried out, like a fuzzy man, and he was like a metaphor for self-kringe somehow, and I imagined just crushing him and easing the kringe feeling
but he's just an image
sorry if that's tmi
the warts are also a metaphor for trash covering the crust of the earth, the mental virus ideology built up inside my brain
and built into confusing arterial roads and ugly buildings and things, over-complex logistics, daunting economics

THANK YOU
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